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## Poetical.

### BEAUTY AND TIME.

BY MISS PARDOE.

Went out one summer's day,  
In pleasure's bower;  
Which she sported in her way  
In every opening flower.  
Which she reach'd a myrtle shade,  
And through the branches peeping,  
Saw, among the blossoms laid,  
Time, most profoundly sleeping.  
Which was pillow'd on his wings,  
For he had furl'd his pinions  
Finger with the lovely things  
Of pleasure's bright dominions.  
Which she and glass aside were cast,  
How softly he reposes;  
Which Beauty as she idly past,  
And cover'd him with roses.  
Which she woke—"Away!" he kindly said,  
Go, trifle with the Graces;  
Which Beauty that I was never made  
To know that pretty tales—  
Which pleasant in so sweet a clime  
To rest a while from duty;  
Which Beauty a little more," said time;  
No, do wake up!" said Beauty.  
Which Beauty he was grim and old;  
Which Beauty her roses wither,  
Which Beauty upon her head was cold,  
Which Beauty her glass made her shiver.  
Which Beauty cheeks shrank, her hair turn'd gray  
Which Beauty he had bereft her;  
Which Beauty when he saw her droop away,  
Which Beauty spread his wings and left her.  
Which Beauty I point my simple rhyme—  
Which Beauty the Minister's duty—  
Which Beauty should never sport with time,  
Which Beauty always withers Beauty!

From the Southern Sun.

### THE BLIND GIRL.

Which Beauty loneliness she sat,  
Which Beauty bright and beautiful things,  
Which Beauty on her mantling cheek there dwelt,  
Which Beauty the freshness of the spring.  
Which Beauty beam'd not, the slightest orb  
Which Beauty darkness sent was set,  
Which Beauty the charm of mind and heart,  
Which Beauty in her soft smile were met.  
Which Beauty content adorn'd her brow,  
Which Beauty spoke of heavenly rest,  
Which Beauty earth-born feelings, dark and foul,  
Which Beauty disturb'd that still one's breast.  
Which Beauty ask'd not, why am I shut out  
Which Beauty from all that's bright and fair?  
Which Beauty dream'd of herself, though poor and blind,  
Which Beauty beneath her Father's care.  
Which Beauty as the woodland warbler poured  
Which Beauty this song to parting day,  
Which Beauty as soft as seraph's strain,  
Which Beauty the tuned her evening lay.  
Which Beauty thou tenant of the grove,  
Which Beauty plume thy gaudy wing,  
Which Beauty nature's melody break forth,  
Which Beauty and praise the God of spring.  
Which Beauty for me no flowers bloom fair,  
Which Beauty beauties meet my sight;  
Which Beauty midst the joyous ones  
Which Beauty a creature of the night.  
Which Beauty others praise the rose's hue,  
Which Beauty and speak of spring's bright smile,  
Which Beauty then I feel, no joy like those  
Which Beauty weary life beguile.  
Which Beauty there's a glad and sunny hope  
Which Beauty my darkened way,  
Which Beauty over my saddened spirit flings  
Which Beauty the brightness of its ray.  
Which Beauty I will try with humble heart  
Which Beauty to bear the lot that's given,  
Which Beauty in the happy thought,  
Which Beauty the blind shall see in Heaven!"

VERNON.

### POETRY AND CLASSICAL

TRANSLATIONS.  
Backwoodsman, a literary paper  
under the shadow of the Nashville  
Banner, makes such poetry as the fol-  
lowing:  
"Odear, what times these is;  
Which Beauty am up and run are ris."  
Which Beauty to be "behind the spirit of the age"  
Which Beauty Orleans Times presents the follow-  
Which Beauty poetic translation of the Latin ad-  
Which Beauty "Posta nascitur, non fit."  
Which Beauty a man can no more make himself a poet,  
Which Beauty a sheep can make itself a goat.  
Which Beauty business, as the fice said ven the  
Which Beauty out him.

## NOT EXACTLY AT THE HEAD OF THE CLASS.

We are about to tell an anecdote of a gentleman, now of New York—remarkable as much for his wit as his poetic genius—a man of means now, but, at one time, somewhat pressed by fortune and the constables. He was the pet of half the ladies in B—, and the envy of quite as many of the gentlemen, and gave occasion to much ill-natured remarks by being somewhat foppish in dress, and exceedingly extravagant in *bijouterie* and horseflesh. The time came, however, when he thought it advisable to leave B—; so he united his fortunes, and under favorable auspices, too, with the conductor of a popular periodical in New York, and made arrangements to depart for Europe as a regular contributor.

Some of the creators (all of whom he has paid since, for a truer gentleman never breathed), followed him to New York with the intention of arresting him, on board the packet on the morning of her sailing. One of these persons was Williams, then a celebrated tailor in B—, to whom our friends was indebted for sundry suits. He was a good-hearted fellow, though, the same Williams, and if he was anxious to get his "little bill" he was inclined to do so, if he could, without calling in the assistance of the law.

Passing down Broadway, the day previous to the sailing of the ship, Williams saw our friend and several other gentlemen, on the steps of the City Hotel—then the Hotel. The thought struck him, that if he presented his demand "then and there," the chance was that it would be paid—he would not surely refuse before all his friends. So, he walks Mr. Williams.

"Good morning, Mr. —," said the tailor.  
"Good morning," the cold reply, "what may be your name?"  
"My name, sir," said the astonished tailor; "my name, sir! I've made coats for you, sir, some three or four years, sir, you owe me a balance of two hundred and odd dollars, sir—I want the money, sir!—my name, sir, my name is Williams!"  
"Ah! Williams is it—yes, I recollect. Well, Williams, don't put yourself in a passion. I'll satisfy you in a moment. I've made arrangement to settle my debts alphabetically, and as you are among the W's, I don't think you will get yours yet."

Mr. Williams went away.—*Picayune.*

ANECDOTE.—The following characteristic anecdote of a British sailor will be read with feelings of deep interest. The subject of it was the father of Sir T. Trowbridge, now one of the lords of the Admiralty. "A curious scene occurred on board the Sans Pareille on the morning of the 1st of June (Lord Howe's action). Capt. Trowbridge, who had been recently taken in the Castor, with his convoy bound to Newfoundland, was a prisoner on board the French ship just named, where Rear-Admiral Neuvilly had his flagging. After Lord Howe had obtained his position, and had drawn his fleet in a line parallel to that of the enemy, he brought to, & gave the signal to go to breakfast. Trowbridge knew the purport of the signal, and telling it to the French Admiral, they took the advantage of the time allowed them for the same repast. Trowbridge, (whose appetite never forsook him on these occasions) was helping himself to a large slice from the brown loaf, which the French captain observed to him by an interpreter, (for Trowbridge would never learn their language,) that the English Admiral showed no disposition to fight, and he was certain he did not intend it. "What!" said the English hero, dropping his loaf and laying his hand almost emphatically on the Frenchman's shoulder, while he looked him furiously in the face, "not fight! stop till they have had their breakfast! I know John Bull—well, and when his belly is full you will get it."

In a few minutes the fleet bore up to engage. Trowbridge was sent into the boatswain's store room, where for a length of time he leaned against the foremast, and amused himself in pointing out every invective against the French, and the man appointed to guard him. Suddenly he felt the vibration of the mast and heard it fall over the side; when grasping the astonished Frenchman with both his hands he began to jump and caper, with all the jestures of a maniac. The Sans Pareille soon after surrendered, and Trowbridge assisted in getting her to rights and taking her into port.—*Benton's Naval History.*

## WESTERN REMINISCENCES.

A correspondent of the Pittsburg Visitor furnishes the following reminiscences relating to the early history of Wheeling—

"The Zanes, the first pioneers of Western Virginia, made a settlement on the present site of Wheeling, as early as 1769. From that period until the Peace of 1774, as was the case with all the settlers of Western Pennsylvania and Virginia, and the adjacent part of Ohio, they were almost continually harassed by the Indians, who stole or killed their cattle and horses, destroyed their crops, and murdered their settlers, whenever an opportunity presented. At the time of the Peace the settlers rejoiced in the hope of a respite from the continued watching which was necessary to preserve their lives and property. But an unfortunate event soon renewed all the horrors of Indian warfare. The event was the murder of the noted Chief Cornstalk and his son Ellinsasco,

at Point Pleasant. The Chief having prolonged his stay at the garrison, whither he had gone on peaceful business, in the full confidence of protection, the fears of the son were excited for his safety, and he crossed the river to learn what had happened to his father. While they were there news arrived that a hunter had been slain by the Indians lurking behind the bank. Notwithstanding their protestations of innocence, the Chief and his son were immediately put to death. Indian vengeance was aroused, and untold suffering to the whole region was the consequence. The news reached Wheeling and the whole garrison was ordered to be on their guard. Nevertheless there was no appearance of Indians lurking in the vicinity.

"One morning as two soldiers from the Fort was passing along the road, one of them was shot, while the other was allowed to run with the tidings. Capt. Mason, the commander of the Fort, understanding that the Indian force was small, marched against them with only fourteen men. He was drawn into an ambush of more than 400 Indians, and most of his men were immediately slain. Capt. Ogil reinforced him with twelve men from the Fort, who shared the same fate. Out of the 26 only three escaped, and two of these were badly wounded. Girty, the renegade, was among the Indians, and threatened the garrison with immediate extermination, if they resisted, but learning the determination of the garrison to hold out to the last, he retired. The Indians continued for some time in the neighborhood of the Fort, doing all the injury in their power.

"There is on record an interesting anecdote of a sister of Col. Zane, which occurred about this time. The Indians were all about the Fort, and the soldiers were beginning to be disheartened, as their ammunition was nearly expended. There was plenty of powder at the house of Col. Zane, which was situated a few rods from the Fort, and the maiden volunteered to go and fetch it. The Indians were astonished when she set out, and did not fire, merely exclaiming, "A squaw! a squaw!" but when they saw her returning with her apron filled with powder, they saw her object, and poured a shower of balls upon her; but she escaped into the Fort unhurt. It is said she had just returned from a Philadelphia boarding school. We doubt whether the boarding school misses of these days possess the spirit of their grandmothers.

"At this time the town of Wheeling was a village of thirty houses; now it is one of the most flourishing of our western towns."

From the Chicago Democrat.

A FOX RIVER HEROINE.—Ladies, unmarried ones, of no very certain age, it is said, are noted for being excellent hunters. We are not prepared, nor have we the disposition to question the truth of the proverb. Be that as it may, a scene occurred the other day, which proves conclusively that hunting is not confined to the ladies aforesaid, nor the particular game they seek to capture. A young lady, aye, young and fair, and "blooming as the flower of the prairie in May," was lately the heroine of a feat which the more hardy sportsmen might justly envy, and which even an Eastern city belle, with all her feminine refinements, might be constrained to admit shared more of the romantic than the barbarous.

A noble buck came bounding by her father's house, near the window at which she was sitting, and which overlooked Fox River. A powerful dog was sleeping by the fire-side. So rare a chance was not to be lost. The door flew open and away went lass and dog who passed her like lightning in pursuit. The poor affrighted deer (and bolder hearts have been daunted at the approach of a pretty girl) dashed furiously on towards the bank of the river, which at this place arose fifteen or twenty feet perpendicular. Away flew the trio, the buck leading the way, and last, not least, our fair huntress. A moment brought the deer to the edge of the precipice. Finding itself so hotly pressed by its pursuers, and seeing retreat impossible, it plunged over and fell stunned on the ice below. Our fair sportsman soon came up and after much ado, prevailed upon "Tray" to descend the bank and seize upon the noble prey until she could come to the rescue. A circuitous path soon brought her to the scene of action where with the assistance of the dog she succeeded in despatching the ill-fated buck.—*Fox River Feb. 1839.*

## PRINTERS

Compositors in a printing office are curious chaps. They love bread and cheese, turkey, ham, veal, turtle, juleps, cigars and in fact every thing good, except pi—that they hate as they do—the lack of copy. "Here's an out," said we, last night while correcting proof—"why don't you take more pains?" "I have pains enough already," said one of them, "judging from the way my back feels."  
"But speak of the out," said we.  
"Well, speaking of the out,"—what then? "I wish I was out—I am nearly tired to death."  
"Well, sit down and work," replied we.  
"I like that—can a man be setting up, when he is sitting down? Spect not."  
And so it runs on—you can't get a rational word from any of them—they are full of puns than a dog is of—rollick,

and bother us nearly to death. We want all the puns to ourselves but they won't permit us.

Take another specimen.

"Tom, is your form ready to be locked?"

"Oh yes, ready two hours ago."

"How two hours ago? You had a column to set then."

"I know it, and there's half a column wanting."

"Thought you said your form was ready to be locked?"

"So my form is—may be you don't know what I mean by locking my form."

"It seems not," said we, "for you whip the devil of sense so round the stump, that we can't catch it no how."

"I lock my form with a good sleep—all the rolling in the world would't make an impression. I'm a perfect case then, for sleep, they say, is typical of death."

Sometimes I require a composing stick to make all right."

"What's that?"

"A long nine with some fire at the end of it; there's no error about that for a space of time; if there is, give me proof and I'll correct it."—*N. O. Times.*

From the Star.

## THE PRETENDED DEMOCRACY.

A Peep behind the Curtain.

Let us take a random glance at these oddities. First comes the leader himself—the most aristocratic man in practice that ever professed domestic principles. Look at him when alone in the White House. Around him, suspended to each wall, are gorgeous ornaments and hangings; and, reclining upon the sofa, bought with the people's money, he surveys the magnificent interior of his princely mansion, and throws his imagination far away upon the wide Republic over which he rules—now swelling with pride when he thinks of the vessels that cover around him—now congratulating himself, like Nebuchadnezzar, on the hosts of States that acknowledged his dominion. "Though far advanced in life, he is tastily and even daintily dressed, his whole costume being exactly adapted to a diminutive and dapper person, a fair complexion, a light and brilliant blue eye, and a head which might form a study for the phrenologist, whether we consider its ample developments of its egg-like baldness. He seems too, not wholly unconscious of something worthy of admiration in a foot, the beauty of which is displayed to the best advantage by the tight fit and high finish of his delicate slippers. Now his glance rests upon his head, fair, delicate, small, and richly jewell'd!"—now his hand hangs carelessly on the arm of the sofa, while he seems absorbed in deep study. He thinks audibly at times—a departure from his native cunning—but the cries are tremendous. "New York must be subdued—she must be carried—Kendall must devise a better plan than Woodbury's—that per cent on the salaries won't influence the common people. Virginia, too, must be secured, or I'm 'a done over tailor.'" Rives must feel the bow-string—he must be called a renegade and a traitor—that will do—the people will believe it. South Carolina, thank His Holiness! is safe. Calhoun can't flinch—he belongs to me—Satan fell not more irrecoverably than he when I told the old gentleman to ostracise him! But North Carolina—stubborn—there is too much Mecklenburg there—but Brown & Strange are good interpreters; they deserve promotion; and their incorrigible State deserves the—[Enter Amos.] "Mr. Kendall, good morning sir, your presence, sir, is hailed with unimaginable pleasure."

Here we leave these two worthies in delightful conclave—our pen would fail to delineate the unuttered "schemes of stratagems and spoils." Here fellow-citizens, you have a guess at the personal character of a modern democratic President—a "hard fisted yeoman, truly! With his riding to church in a splendid carriage we have nothing to do—he does that on his own hook—we only speak of him in his character at the White House.

But the conclave has broke, and here comes fresh from the Palace what was the Connecticut school-master! The Thomas a Becket of modern times—abstemious to a fault—indefatigable in pursuing his plans—the first to appear and the last to disappear at a cabinet Meeting—and always more willing to give counsel than to receive it. He too, soliloquizes; but his indistinct murmurs remind you of Manfred's low wizard calls to the seven spirits. "It must leave here—I must go to the Hermitage—the General will help me out—I'm too rigid for this aristocracy—he knows I am stern like himself. But Clay—that man's eye pierces through the darkness of my dreams and haunts me with a flaming spell! I did not well to serve him so. But my only chance now is, to hate him—and Van Buren shall beat him, if patronage still sways men hereafter as it does now. And then—and then—but I fear to think of it!"

But here comes the hero of the "Great Crossings," and in candor we are compelled to admit that he is said to be an open-souled fellow. No soliloquizing with him; he talks it off like an engine—a brave fellow, that Dick! "I don't care a groat what they say about me—I gave Tecumseh his passport, and that's sufficient—they say I am a gamete—but if I do, ain't 'all men born free and equal?' I didn't run one term to be kicked off the next. Trust me if I don't rip

up the whole business, if they don't run me again!"

Stand back! scared veteran, and let the punctual Lord of the Treasury loom into vision!—From the anxious workings of his countenance, he seems to be speculating on the finances. He soliloquizes lowly—"Swartwout ain't the cleverest fellow as ever lived—he told me it made no difference about bonds and Price—I thought he'd bring him back, but Stephenson writes me a few lines to let me know that they are both in the province of Liverpool. (I believe it is a province but no odds) with a heap of our money—let's see how much it are—work it by subtraction—no, addition to contingent expenses, there's Swartwout's 1,250,000—and there's the 100,000 defalcated off by Price—well, them two in a lump makes three millions and three quarters—by the President's slipper! It ain't that much! I'll try it again. For example, from Dilworth, "multiplication and division do mutually prove each other." Well, now, 6 from 2 you can't, but 6 into 12 twice and one over—ah! that's it, \$1,000,000—by limbo! I'm good at it! And there's Gratiot and Harris, and Boyd. They're as cunning as the President. Feathered their nests pretty well! Prentiss didn't miss it much when he said the Norman robber didn't give his officers more land than Government give them."

But here comes the Great Expunger himself, in a state of splendid irritability. He walks over common people, and talks like a Missouri Boatman. "I set that ball in motion. Solitary and alone, I framed and fashioned it. It rolled majestically through the Senate. Clay nor Calhoun didn't kick it none to hurt; and I reckon I had the key turned on that Kentucky Lawyer that hissed at me. I thought it due to the "Greatest and Best" to do that thing, because I broke his arm on a certain occasion. I wished him in hell then. But Van aint the thing I thought he was; true, he's a thing, but he slips through one's fingers. But I've got him snug enough now, and if he's re-elected, I'm safe for a succession; and that will be any thing but a bad box."

Q. IN THE CORNER.

From the Southern Sun.

## INDOLENCE.

We know of some whigs, in various parts of the State, possessed of much talent, and of extended influence, who are supinely inactive, and ingloriously indolent in the great cause of political reform. It is true these gentlemen have well defended political principles to which they firmly adhere—it is true they are genuine whigs, and vote the whig ticket at every election where the contest turns upon politics; yet they do not exert their influence. We have known many members of our party whose written essays and public declamations might result in the conversion of hundreds, who yet maintain unbroken silence and even suffer the grossest calumnies of our enemies to go forth without refutation. This course is not patriotic. A man who thus acts, does not perform an imperious duty which he owes to his country. He is a defaulter in reference to one of the most imperative obligations which patriotism can impose upon man, and indirectly aids in advancing the cause of error and corruption, by withholding aid from the cause of justice and virtue. We are aware of the fact that some of our friends have become literally disgraced and sickened with the heartlessness and corruptions of the times, and have almost despaired of success in the great work of reform; yet we humbly conceive that the cause of liberty is entitled to their continued labor, so long as one plank of the melancholy wreck is visible above the wide spread ocean of misrule and corruption which surrounds us. Besides, there is no cause of despair. We have assailed and conquered the enemy in his strongest citadels—strongholds heretofore deemed invulnerable, have fallen beneath the mighty engines of truth and reason—we have driven the Goths and Vandals from our own hallowed soil, and have them closely besieged in the icy recess of that northern hive from which they swarmed upon us. "Once more to the breach," and victory will perch upon our standard. Then, let our friends who have heretofore gazed upon the conflict with folded arms, arouse themselves to vigorous exertion. They have reposed during the heat of battle, and are consequently better able to deal geodly blows, than those who have stood by their arms during the whole campaign.

In our own beloved State, the notes of preparation are sounding. Every indication betokens the approach of a great political battle, between the plunderers and the friends of liberty and honesty. It cannot be disguised that the contest will be a close one—the combatants are nearly equal in numbers, and our enemies have the advantage of the whig party in tactics and discipline. True we feel much confidence in the ability of the whigs to meet and conquer the mercenary forces of locofocoism; yet it is surely indispensably necessary that every patriot should be at his post. A prevalent spirit of disorganization or of indolence, may result in our shameful defeat, and forever tarnish the escutcheon of Mississippi. We know not how other men feel, but we are impelled to vigorous action in the whig cause by a firm conviction that we are laboring in the cause of our country and its sacred constitution—that we are defending

that beautiful structure of civil government which our patriot fathers reared for their prosperity, and which is even now uttering beneath the reckless assaults of wicked, corrupt, and designing demagogues—that we are striking for the future happiness and prosperity of our suffering countrymen—that we are striving to raise the fallen banner of genuine democracy, and restore the violent spirit of good old revolutionary republicanism—that we are enlisted in the cause of liberty, and that we oppose the masked deformity of despotism. Thus viewing our cause, it is surprising that we should cherish the impulse of enthusiastic devotion? Nay would we not be self condemned, were we to relax our efforts? True, we are but an humble individual, "unknowing and unknown," a mere atom in the ponderous mass of intelligence and talent which gave tone and character to our party; yet shall we therefore cease to labor? No!—feeling the impotency of our own feeble arm, we shall only strive with renewed zeal, to do something in the good cause worthy of the commendation of our noble co-laborers.

In the erection of a splendid edifice of architectural beauty, one solitary laborer does not and cannot perform the work, nor can many do so without concert of action and harmony of design. It is the combined efforts of hundreds of operatives which gradually develops the swelling proportions of the building. Each one contributes an inconsiderable portion to the mass—and eventually, the result of combined industry is given the world by the exhibition of a proud and lofty temple, displaying the classical symmetry of architectural perfection—its massy pillars of beauty and strength, sustaining a lofty dome, upon which the earliest beams of the rising sun repose. Perhaps an humble artisan who labored for years at the herculean enterprise, cannot point out the particular portions of the work which himself or fellow laborer performed. It is not distinguishable, being so inconsiderable a portion of the great whole—yet he feels and knows that the gorgeous temple was reared by the hands of workmen. It is not one fountain which forms the current of the "father of waters." A thousand nameless rivulets, pure and fresh from an untrodden region of sterility and ice, unite to form his head, and flow downward to the ocean in a limpid stream, leaping and gurgling amid the rocky barriers of the mountains. Other streams unite their streams with the flowing mass of waters, until the broad bosom of the majestic Mississippi sweeps onward to old ocean, with a deep resistless tide, bearing upon its oozy bosom the wealth of States, and inspiring every beholder with feelings of sublimity and awe. How important therefore, that every whig, however humble, should zealously and untiringly labor in the great cause in which we are engaged! Let us all, both editors and readers, resolve from this time, to be a little more industrious. We have much to do, yet it can be done. And if it be left undone; if our country be left to the undisputed control of the plunderers, we may sit down in "sack-cloth and ashes," amongst the splendid ruins of a once free and happy country, and bewail the loss of that liberty which can never be regained.

A young gentleman happening to sit at church in a pew adjoining one in which sat a young lady for whom he conceived a most sudden and violent passion, was desirous of entering into a courtship on the spot, but the place not suiting a formal declaration, the exigency of the case, suggested the following plan—

He politely handed his fair neighbor a bible, open, with a pin stuck in the text.—*Second Epistle of John, 5th verse.*—"And I beseech thee, lady, not as though I wrote a new commandment unto thee, but that which I had from the beginning, that we love one another."

She returned it, opening to the following.—*Second chapter of Ruth, 10th verse.*—"Then she fell on her face, and bowed herself to the ground, and said unto him, why have I found favor in thine eyes, that thou shouldst take knowledge of me, seeing I am a stranger?"

He returned the book, pointing to the 12th verse of the second epistle of John:—"Having many things to write unto you, I would not write with paper and ink, but I trust to come unto you and speak face to face."

From the above interview, the marriage took place the ensuing week.

AS THICK AS THREE IN A BED.—"Mam my, who's goin' to sleep in that ar bed with Jim and Jo and Jack and Cate and Bet and Moll and Jane and Su and Dick and that strange man what's here t-night?" "Why Mam' and Dad, to-be-sure!"

Jim, why am a cider-press like de Gov ernment?

Oh! I tells you I don't know nuffin bout your cider-press and thing; but my maste say de don't hab no cider-press down South. Cause vy? de don't hab no apples down dare.

Daddy, I reckon as how's I might go a-coatin' now, bein' as how George-berr pies is comin' in fashion, m-a-i-n-t!

Yes, son I reckon so.

"Well, if I don't go to see somebody gall next Sunday, then saw my old hat in to."